

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

GIFTS.

I.

I gave my love a bracelet on her natal day—
The light was dancing on the sea—
Its sparkling gems shook lustre when 'twas worn,
From beds of filagrees;
And seem'd to laugh and speak, upon her arm,
Like children on their pillows white and warm.
"This for thy hand," I said; "soon mine"—
With that she 'gan the amulet untwine;
And cried, "Thou buyest me, like a slave!"—
Then stopping, red, a look of love she gave.

II.

In the sweet haying-time, I made a crown of flowers—
The light was dancing on the sea—
I stole bright blossoms from the butterfly
And honey-seeking bee.
Holding my wreath above her shining head,
"Soon thou art mine—why art thou sad?" I said.
"The Past was happy," she replied;
"The Future is a dangerous path, untrod;"—
Then lent her brow upon my breast,
And if she fear'd, soon charm'd her fear to rest.

III.

Next morn, when village bells were pealing forth our joy—
The light was dancing on the sea—
We fed the rustic mirth of happy friends,
For happler secrecy;
And nigh the shadows of a summer wood
We sipped the cup of Earth's beatitude.
"This ring is all my gift to-day,"
She, sitting closer, whispered. "Nay, love, nay,
Thou givest *thyself*—a gift divine.
This day I feel thy heart, thought, life, are mine!"

SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNE'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNN," "THE CHAMBERLAIN," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLII.

A NIGHT SCENE.

Alas for the Trevlyn temple! How many times has the lamentation to be repeated! Were the world filled with lamentations for this most unhappy state of mind to which some of its mortals give way, they could not stone for the ill inflicted. It is not a pleasant topic to enlarge upon, and I seem to have lingered unnecessarily in the dialike to approach it.

When Rupert leaped the palings and flew away over the field, he was totally incapable of self-government for the time being. I do not say this in his extenuation. I say that such a state of things is most lamentable, and ought not to be. I only state that it was so. The most passionate temper ever born with man may be kept under, where the right means are used—prayer, ever watchful self-control; but how few there are who find the means! Rupert Trevlyn had not. He had no clear perception of what he had done; he probably knew that he had thrust the blazing torch into the rick; but he gave no heed whatever to consequences, whether the hay was undamaged or whether it should burst forth into a flame.

He flew over the field as one possessed; he flew over a succession of fields; the high road intervened, and he was passing over it in his reckless career, when he was accom-



THE REBEL CAVALRY CHARGING THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHAMBERSBURG, PA., JUNE 16.—ENGRAVED FROM "FRANK LESLIE'S PAPER."

panied by Farmer Apperley. Not, for a moment, did the farmer recognize Rupert.

"Hey, lad! What in the name of fortune has taken you?" cried he, laying his hand upon him.

His face distorted with passion, his eyes starting with fury, his breath coming in gasps that were more like shrieks, Rupert tore on. He shook the farmer's hand off him, and tore on, leaping the low dwarf hedge opposite and never speaking.

Mr. Apperley began to doubt whether he had not been deceived by some strange apparition—such, for instance, as the popular Flying Dutchman. He ran to a stile hard by, and stood there gazing at the mad figure, who seemed to be flying about heedlessly, without purpose. It had not gone out of the field: now in one part of it, now in another: Mr. Apperley rubbed his eyes and tried to penetrate more clearly the obscurity of the night.

"It was Rupert Trevlyn—if I ever saw him," decided he, at length. "What can have put him into this state? Perhaps he's gone mad!"

The farmer, in his consternation, stood there he knew not how long: ten minutes or a quarter of an hour it may have been. It was not a busy night with him, and he had as soon linger at that gate as to go on at once to Black the farrier—which was where he was bound. Any time would do to give his orders to Black.

"Well, I can't make it out a bit," soliloquized he, when he at length turned away. "I'm sure it was Rupert: but what could have put him into that state? Hollo! what's that?"

A bright light in the direction of Trevlyn Hold had caught his eye. He stood and gazed at it in a second state of consternation equal to that in which he had just gazed after Rupert Trevlyn. "If I don't believe it's a fire!" ejaculated he.

Was everybody running about madly tonight? The words were but escaping Mr. Apperley's lips when a second figure, panting, white, breathless as the other, came flying over the road in the self same spot. This one wore a smock frock, and the farmer recognized Jim Sanders.

"Why, Jim, what's up? What's up?" "Don't stop me, sir," panted Jim. "Don't you see the blaze there? It's Chattaway's rick-yard!"

"Mercy me! Chattaway's rick-yard! What has done it? Have we got the incendiaries in the county again?"

"It was Mr. Rupert," answered Jim, dropping his voice to a whisper. "I see him fire it. Let me go on, please, sir."

In very astonishment, Mr. Apperley loosed his hold of the boy, who went speeding off in the direction of Barbrook. The farmer propped his back against the stile, that he might gather together his scared senses. Rupert Trevlyn had fired the rick-yard!

Had he really gone mad?—or was Jim Sanders, mad when he said it? The farmer, a slow man to arrive at conclusions, was sorely puzzled. "The one looked as mad as 'other, for what I saw," deliberated he. "Any way, however, there's the fire, and I'd better make my way to it; they'll want hands if they are to put that out. Thank God it's a calm night!"

He took the nearest way to the Hold; another helper amidst the many now crowding the busy scene. What a Babel of confusion it was!—what a scene for a painting, could it have been transferred to canvas!—what a life's remembrance! The hoarse noise of the excited men as they passed the buckets; the deep interjections of Mr. Chattaway; and the faces of emotion of the lookers on, turned up to the lurid flame. Farmer Apperley, a man more given to deeds than words, rendered what help he could, according to none.

He had been at work some time, when a shriek, or groan, or shout—it was hard to say which, for it partook of the nature of all—broke simultaneously from the spectators. A proximate rick had caught the flame. Mr. Chattaway uttered a despairing word, and the workers ceased for a few moments their efforts—as if paralyzed with the additional evil.

"If the fire engines would but come!" impatiently exclaimed Mr. Chattaway.

Even as he spoke, a faint rumbling was heard in the distance. It came nearer, and nearer; its clatter and its reckless pace proclaiming it to be what it was—a fire-engine. And Mr. Chattaway, in spite of his remark of impatience, gazed at its approach with astonishment: for he knew there had not been time for the Barmester engines to arrive.

It proved to be the little engine from Barbrook. One kept in the village. A very despatched engine indeed; from its small size, one rarely called for; and which Mr. Chattaway had not so much as thought of, when sending for the superior ones from Barmester. On it came, glibly, as it meant to do good service, and the crowd in the rick-yard welcomed it with a shout, and flew away to give it space. Its two horses were reeking with the speed to which they had been urged.

Churlish as was Mr. Chattaway's general manner, he could not avoid showing somewhat of his satisfaction at its arrival.

"I am so glad you have come!" he exclaimed. "I never thought to send. I suppose you saw the flames, and came of your own accord?"

"No, sir, we never saw nothing," was the reply of the man he addressed. "Mr. Ryle's lad, Jim Sanders, came for us. I never see a chap in such a commotion; he's most got the engine ready himself."

The mention of the name, Jim Sanders, caused a buzz around. The acknowledgment

of the kitchen maid Bridget, that the offender was Rupert Trevlyn, had been whispered and commented upon; and if some were found to believe the whisper, others scornfully rejected it. There was Mr. Chattaway's assertion, also—that it was Rupert; but Mr. Chattaway's ill-will to Rupert was remembered that night, and the assertion was received doubtfully. A meddlesome voice interrupted the fireman.

"Jim Sanders! why that was the one what fired it. There ain't no doubt! Little wonder he seemed frightened."

"Did he fire it?" interrupted Farmer Apperley, eagerly. "What, Jim? Why, what possessed him to do such a thing? I met him just now, like one frightened out of his life, and he laid the guilt on Rupert Trevlyn."

"Hush, Mr. Apperley!" whispered a cautioning voice at his elbow, and the farmer turned to see George Ryle. The latter, with almost imperceptible movement, directed his attention to the right, to the livid face of Mrs. Chattaway. Like unto one paralyzed stood she, her hands clasped, her features drawn, listening to the words.

"Yes, it was Mr. Rupert," protested Bridget, with a sob. "Jim Sanders told me that he watched Mr. Rupert thrust the lighted torch into the rick. He seemed not to know what he was about, Jim said; he seemed to do it in a passion."

"Hold your tongue, Bridget," interposed a sharp, commanding voice. "Have I not desired you already to do so? It is not upon the hearsay evidence of Jim Sanders that you can accuse Mr. Rupert."

The speaker was Miss Diana Trevlyn. In good truth, Miss Diana did not believe that Rupert could have been guilty of the act. It had been disclosed that the torch in the rick-yard belonged to Jim Sanders, had been brought there by him, and she deemed that fact was suspicious against Jim. Miss Diana had arrived unwillingly at the conclusion that Jim Sanders had set the rick on fire by accident; and in his fright had accused Rupert to screen himself. She imparted her view of the affair to Mr. Apperley.

"Like enough," was the response of Mr. Apperley, when he had listened. "Some of these boys have no more caution in 'em than if they were children of two years old. But what could have put Rupert into such a state?" he added, the thought occurring to him. "If anybody ever looked mad, he did this night."

"When?" asked Miss Diana, eagerly, and Mrs. Chattaway pressed up closer with her white countenance.

"I saw him just before I came up here. I was on my way to Black's, and somebody with a spectre's face, and his breath panting so that you might have heard it a mile off, came bursting through the hedge right across my path. I didn't know him at first; he didn't look a bit like Rupert; but when I

saw who it was, I tried to stop him, and I asked what was the matter. He shook me off, and went over the opposite hedge like a wild animal, and there he tore about the field. If he had been a lunatic escaped from the county asylum, he couldn't have run worse."

"Did he say nothing?" some voice interrupted.

"Not a word," replied the farmer. "He did not look as if he could speak. Well, before I had digested that shock, or come to any manner of reflection what it could mean, there came another, flying up in the same mad state, and that was Jim Sanders. I stopped him. Nearly at the same time, or just before it, I had seen a light shoot up towards the sky. Jim said, as well as he could talk for fright, that the rick-yard at the Hold was on fire, and that Mr. Rupert had set it alight."

"At all events, the mischief seems to lie between them," remarked some buzzing voice around.

There would have been no time for this desultory conversation—at least, for the gentlemen's share in it—but that the fire-engine had put a stop to their efforts. It had planted itself on the very spot where the line had been formed, scattering those who had taken part in it, and was rapidly getting itself into working order. The flames were shooting up terribly now, and Mr. Chattaway was rushing here, there, and everywhere, in his frantic but impotent efforts to subdue them, or to assist at the means by which they might be subdued. He was not insured.

George Ryle approached Mrs. Chattaway and bent over her, a strangely thrilling tone of kindness pervading his every word: it seemed to suggest how conscious he was of the great sorrow that was coming upon her.

"I wish you would let me take you indoors," he whispered. "Indeed, it is not well for you to be here."

"Where is he?" she gasped, in answer. "Could you not find him, and remove him out of the way of danger?"

A conviction, sure and not to be shaken, had been upon her from the very moment that her husband had avowed his chastisement of Rupert—the conviction that it was he, Rupert, and no other, who had done the mischief. Her own brothers—chiefly, however, her brother Rupert—had been guilty of one or two acts almost as mad in their passion. He could not help his temper, she reasoned—some, perhaps, may say fallaciously; and if Mr. Chattaway had provoked him by that sharp and insulting punishment, it was he who was in fault more than Rupert.

"I would die to save him, George," she whispered. "I would give all I am worth to save him from the consequences. Mr. Chattaway says he will prosecute him to the last."

"I am quite sure you will be ill if you

stay here," murmured George, for the two shivering patients had been in that way, however, with cold, but with emotion. "I will go with you to the house, and call to you there."

"To the house?" she repeated. "Do you suppose I could stay in the house tonight? Look at them! They are all out here!"

She pointed to her children; to the women servants. It was even so; all were out there. Mr. Chattaway, in passing, had once or twice harshly demanded what they, a pack of women, did in a house such as that, and the women had drawn away at the rebuke, but only to come forward again. Perhaps it was not in human nature to keep wholly away from that scene of calamity.

A half exclamation of fear escaped Mrs. Chattaway's lips, and she pressed a few steps onwards.

Holding a close, and apparently private, conference with Mr. Apperley was Brown, the superintendent of the very night staff of police-officers stationed in the place. As a general rule, these rustic districts are too peaceable to require much supervision from the men in blue.

"Mr. Apperley, you will not turn against him?" she implored, from between her fingered and trembling lips; and in good truth, Mrs. Chattaway gave indications of being almost as much beside herself that night as was the unhappy Rupert. "Is Brown asking you where you saw Rupert, that he may go and find him? Do not you turn against him?"

"My dear, good lady, I have not got a thing to tell," returned Mr. Apperley, looking at her in doubtful surprise, for her manner was very strange. "Brown heard me say, as everybody else within some hat around us heard me, that Mr. Rupert was in the Brook field when I came from it. But I have nothing else to tell of him; and he may not be there now. It's hardly likely that he should be."

Mrs. Chattaway lifted her white face to Brown.

"You will not take him?" she impudently whispered.

The man shook his head—he was an intelligent officer, much respected in the neighborhood—and answered her, in the same low tone, "I can't help myself, ma'am. When charges are given to us, we are obliged to take cognizance of them, and to arrest, if needs be, those implicated."

"Has this charge been given you?" she asked.

"Yes, this half hour ago. I was up here almost with the breaking out of the flames, for I happened to be close by, and Mr. Chattaway made his formal complaint to me, and put it in my charge."

Her heart sunk within her.

"And you are looking for him?"

"Chitwell is," replied the superintendent, alluding to a policeman. "And Dumps is gone to see after Jim Sanders."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed a voice at her elbow. It was that of George Ryle, and Mrs. Chattaway turned to him in griefed amazement. But George's words had not borne reference to her, or to anything she was saying.

"It is beginning to rain," he exclaimed. "A fine, steady rain would do us more good than the engines. What does that noise mean?"

A loud murmur of excitement had arisen on the opposite side of the rick-yard, and was spreading as fast as did the flame. George looked in vain for its cause; he was very tall, and he raised himself on tip-toe to see the better: as yet without result.

But not for long. The cause soon showed itself. Pushing his way through the rick-yard, pale, subdued, quiet now, came Rupert Trevlyn. Not in custody; not fettered; not passionate; only very worn and weary, as if he had undergone some painful amount of fatigue. It was all the fit of passion had left him; worn out, weary, powerless. In the days gone by it had so left his uncle Rupert.

Mr. Brown walked up, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. "I am sorry to do it, sir," he said, "but you are my prisoner."

"I can't help it," wearily responded Rupert.

But what brought Rupert Trevlyn back into the very camp of the Philistines? Rupert, in his terrible passion, had partly fallen to the ground, partly flung himself on it in the field where Mr. Apperley saw him, and there he lay until the passion abated. Then he gathered himself up so far as to sit, and bent his head upon his knees, and revolved what had passed. How long he might have stopped there, it is impossible to say, but that shouts and cries in the road around him, and he lifted his head to see that red

tical treason. Now when their rich territory is invaded by a mere handful of ragged rebels, they run shrieking and tumbling over one another, call upon New York and

What was the natural result? They at once argued that the exigency was not so

"Spangled Meads and flowery Lea."

What the Poles are doing to the Russians—Polishing them off.

☞ How the Prince of Wales popped the question to the Princess of Denmark—"Please deign to marry me!" And the fair *vase* *deigned*.

☞ A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, could not think of being a man of business.

☞ "Honesty," says Archbishop Whately, "is the best policy; but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man."

☞ The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

A peculiar fact concerning our position is contained in the expression of surprise which the rebel officers uttered when they first confronted us as prisoners of war. One of the Colonels, said, as he looked at our name, "Where are the men who fought us?" Here," said a Captain, "My God!" examined the Colonel, "if we only had another line we could have whipped you;" and then, still going about him with astonishment, he continued, with great emphasis, "By God, we could have whipped you as we did!" This is a positive fact, and illustrates how the noble Army of the Potomac has yet fought, after all the imputations of demoralization and inefficiency which have been heaped upon it.

The second division of the second corps was 43 officers killed and wounded, and 793 enlisted men killed and wounded.

Aggregate, so far, from Philadelphia, 10,780

BE A GOOD HINT.—Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to pillow. The memory of this, in the many years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds.

BE. The most miserable pettifoggery in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I make this suggestion because mistakes in common names are sometimes very dangerous. Respectfully J. L. WHEED.

posing armies in the North may be said to have imbibed, of late, a pastoral taste—since they are now led by,

"Spangled Men and Sowerly Lea."

[S] What the Poles are doing to the Russians—*Poish-ing* them off.

☞ How the Prince of Wales popped the question to the Princess of Denmark—"Please deign to marry me!" And the fair *vase* *deigned*.

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IS A SMART BOY.—"Fred," said a little four year old boy the other day, "give me a sixpence to buy a monkey!" "We've got monkey in the house now," replied the older brother. "Who is it, Fred?" asked the little fellow. "You" was the reply. "Then give me a sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts." His brother "shelled out."

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SUMMER STUDIES.

BY HANNEY BERNARD STOWE.

Why should these studies in the month of June
The dusty benches of Greek and Hebrew learn,
When the great teacher of all glorious things
Dwells in hourly light before thy door?

There is a brighter book awaiting now;
Fair as the dawn in the tree of Heaven,
All valued, and loved, and guarded with warm
—own signs,
To which a healing spirit power is given.

How is that glorious resurrection time,
When all earth's dusted tombs have new
—birth;
Behold the yearly miracle complete,
God both created a new heaven and earth!

He took that waste his joyful garments now,
No flower but hastes its heavy to do;
God bids thee to his marriage feast of joy,
Let thy soul yet the wedding garment on.

All things with that gold the harvest stands,
The sun, the earth, the air, thy new made
—wings,
The homelike rustic brooder of fresh green,
And the hummed bells of pearl the blueberry
—rings.

How then no time for all this wondrous show—
No thought to spare? Will thou forever be
With the last year's dry sorrow-stalks and dead
—leaves,
And no dew shoot or blossom on thy tree?

See how the plow push off their last year's
—leaves,
And stretch beyond them with earnest
—beard;
The grass and flowers with living power o'er
—grow,
Their last year's remnants on the green
—ground.

With thee, then, all thy winter feeling keep,
The old dead routine of thy book writ lore;
For deem that God can teach, by one bright
—hour,
What life hath never taught to thee before?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
Lies in the breeding dome of the blue sky;
Ah, breathe that life-born languor from thy
—breast;
And know once more a child's unreasoning
—joy.

Come, come to think, and be content to be—
Bring safe at anchor, in fair nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
—let
Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft
—way.

Seer with the bird, and fatter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded grass in frisky play;
Bull with the cloud; wave with the dreamy
—plume
And float with nature all the live-long day.

Cell not such hours an idle waste of life;
Lead that lies fallow gains a quiet power:
It treasures from the brooding of God's wings
—strength
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

So shall it be with thee, if faithful still
Thou rightly studied the summer hours;
Like a deep fountain with a brook both fill,
—thou
Thy mind in seeming rest doth gather power.

And when the summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracle no longer charm thy sight,
The treasures of these thoughtful hours
—shall
Shall make thy wintry musings warm and
—bright.

—Independent.

THE TWO LEGACIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Shall you do this thing, Marion?"

"I shall do it, Laura."

The difference betwixt the two voices was
as great as was that betwixt the characters
of the interrogator and responder.

The first voice was a little raised, amazement
and something else pendulous between
disapproval and indignation.

The other was calm, self-poised, firm. The
tones left no doubt behind them. Whatso-
ever was the thing this speaker said she
would do, that she would, unflinchingly, abso-
lutely.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it, Mar-
ion. You will do the most foolish thing of
your life, and one you will most certainly
live to regret. Every sensible person in the
world must admit that."

"I can only of course speak for myself,
Laura. I have acted in this matter in ac-
cordance with my honest and dearest con-
viction of what was right. I have done my
duty so far as I could see it. It has of course
cost me a struggle, but that was no reason
that I should not make the sacrifice if it
was right."

"It was right. I cannot see it in the
light you do."

"And I cannot see it in any other. You
know, Laura, that our Uncle Gerald had no
right to this land, however the law might
stand in his favor. He has the right of the dead
to make judgment, but also the truth
stands against him; this money which
he has in his will was obtained by fraud
and wrong, and if he had died fairly and
justly by the law who would his fortune
in our uncle's hands we should never have
received the property he left us in his
will. And I do not want the wages of

iniquity. They would stain in my thoughts
they would stain in my soul. Ever since I
have known the truth the thought of that
five thousand dollars has been like a dead
weight upon me; I felt that I had no right
to retain it—that in doing so I was robbing
the widow and the fatherless."

"Marion!"

"That is the truth, Laura. You know
Uncle Gerald did not get this land honestly
of Edward Nichols, that he took advantage
of his chameleon and blind to want it
from him, and though he managed to keep
the law on his side, the deed was one of
shameful wrong."

"Perhaps so, but then we are not respon-
sible for Uncle Gerald's doing. Whoever
heard of heirs refusing to accept their right-
ful property because the owners thereof
hadn't always obtained it in most righteous
fashion? I fancy if everybody was to set to
work to explore their inheritances after your
code, there'd be precious little comfort in
owning any property. Your plan's utopian,
Marion—common sense contradicts it."

"Right and justice do not, Laura, and, as
I said, I have made up my mind."

"And you will give up the whole?"

"The whole."

"And that month at Saratoga—that jour-
ney to the White Mountains, and that tour
among the lakes?" persisted Laura Jennings.

The sweet face of Marion Lynch certainly
fell into a shadow of regret, but that did not
prevent her from answering.

"Yes, I must give up those and somewhat
more, the little nest of a gray gothic cottage
I had intended to build just beyond the
grove of cedars for mother and Harry and
me. That was the fairest vision in the per-
spective of my future."

"You are a foolish girl, oh, Marion."

"Well, with a little faint smile touched
with sweetness, 'I have sought to know
the truth, and to do it.'"

"For my part, I shall not sacrifice myself
to any such squeamish notions of right. As
I understand it, this land is mine, bequeathed
to me by my uncle's will, whose property it
was according to law, no matter how he got
it. So it's my right, and I'm going to keep
it, and have some nice times out of it, too,"
playing with the ivory handle of her pen-
cil. "And won't you envy me this summer
when you think of the delightful life I am
leading at Newport and Saratoga, in Cana-
da and on the lakes?"

"I probably shall," said Marion Lynch.
The conversation transpired in the parlor of
a large, pleasant old-fashioned homestead in
a village somewhere in the heart of Massa-
chusetts.

It was late in May, and the windows were
opened, and the rose briars were ruffled with
leaves and strung thick with buds that were
promises of bloom.

The birds filled the air with the joy of
their singing, the sunshine poured its golden
tides through the large, old-fashioned parlor,
which gathered up two-thirds of a century
in its silent memories.

These girls of whom I write did not vary
six months in their ages—both were a little
beyond their twenties; both, although not
beautiful, had fair and interesting faces; both
were fatherless, the daughters of widows,
whose very limited means demanded the
strictest economy in all household and per-
sonal expenditures; the social position of both
the young ladies was the best which the old
country town afforded, and at considerable
sacrifices the mothers of both
had given their daughters the best of educa-
tions.

But the quality of the two girls differed
absolutely. Laura Jennings was a bright,
sparkling, intelligent, socially attractive
girl, but indolence and self-indulgence lay
at the roots of her life. No heroic impulses
ever thrilled her into lofty aim or purpose;
no high affections ever inspired, no sacri-
fices ever consecrated her life. It was
wholly of the earth, earthy; yet writing
these words they seem severe and harsh, of
one who was usually so pleasant and agree-
able a companion, who had no glaring faults
of temper or character, and who was, as I
said, a general favorite with those who
knew her. There she sat on the old-
fashioned sofa in the blossoming of her
years, with the pretty straw hat shading the
fair face, with its bloom of lip and cheeks,
with the brightness in its eyes and hair,
little suspecting the real depth and meaning
of the sentiments she was speaking, or how
they were their own true witness. A little
way from her by the window sat the cousin
and heiress, with her sweet, delicate face,
about which lay the dark, shining hair, the
blue eyes full of bright and tender meanings,
and the lips sometimes set in lines of earnest
thought, sometimes sweet and tremulous as
a little child's.

To both of these girls' lives came not long
ago a great surprise. Their mother's bro-
ther, a childless widower, died somewhat
suddenly, and left each of his nieces some
building lots, which had lately come into his
possession. The land was valued at ten
thousand dollars, and half of this seemed a
large fortune to each of the girls.

The imaginations of both did flame and
glow about their unexpected legacies;
what visions of new homes and enjoyments,
of new life and experience rose along the
golden perspective of their future!

But Marion's dreams were not all for her-
self. The little cottage lifted itself like a
small gray mist by the grove of dark green
cedars; for the homestead where her mother

had first seen the light was growing old,
and was now too large for the small family
it sheltered, and so Marion had intended to
gather them all into a little home cottage.

But one day, no matter how, either it
flashed did not admit of a shadow of doubt,
the cousin learned that their uncle had not
obtained this land which he had bequeathed
them, fairly, honestly.

It is true that he had a legal claim to it,
for he was a shrewd, hard, grasping man
whose soul was ruled with the love of
gain, and he would be certain never to
claim anything to which the letter of the
law did not entitle him; but the man had
gotten possession of this land by taking un-
fair advantage of another who had believed
in him, trusted him, and was in his power.
And this man had died insolvent a year
afterward, leaving his broken-hearted wife,
with her boy and baby girl, helpless, penur-
ious, desolate, and he had affirmed on his
dying bed to the friend who disclosed this
fact to the niece of Gerald Douglas, that his
financial ruin would never have been con-
summated had not the old man taken cruel
advantage of his necessities.

From that hour Marion Lynch had felt that
this legacy was no longer hers. I admit
that she had not come to the fixed purpose
of resigning it without many struggles,
without prayers, and tears.

It was hard certainly to give up all the
fair visions in which her hopes had draped
the coming summer, hardest of all to resign
the little gray cottage which had shown
out temptingly from among the cedars.

But ever before her had arisen the vision of
the broken-hearted wife and her fair-haired
fatherless children, and the soul of Marion
was tender, and her sense of justice keen and
strong; and at last she rose up and said, "I
will have nothing to do with this wages of in-
iquity," and so she had gotten the victory.

Mrs. Lynch did not influence her daughter
against her higher convictions in this mat-
ter. She was a Christian woman!

"Oh, I cannot give up my child—my
child and Edward! It would kill me!"
said the poor young mother in a voice which
was loud and sharp, as though she was
withdrawing in some sudden pain. A young,
pale, pretty woman she was, little fitted
to do battle with the world, little fitted to go
out alone in its storms, and its cold. You
saw that in the very attitude of the delicate,
almost fragile, figure, in the faded face;
a gentle, refined woman, one who would be a
clinging, loving housewife and mother.

She was seated in a small, but pleasant
front chamber, where she had boarded with
a friend since her husband's death, intend-
ing to make some plans for her future and
her children's, and looking out into the
great, loud busy world with her pale, wistful,
shuddering face. Two sweet children, a
bright faced boy of four, and a little golden
curled thing of two, were playing on the
floor.

The friend, who for love and pity's sake,
had received the widow and orphans into
her family at a merely nominal sum, had
just proposed to Mrs. Nichols that her boy
should become an inmate of the Children's
Home. She did this with great reluctance,
and in tender sympathy for the mother, but
for all that her words were like a terrible
blow which struck down into the core of
the heart of Ellen Nichols.

"I know it is very hard, my dear," con-
tinued the kind friend in her half apologetic,
half persuasive voice. But if you can con-
sent to be separated from the child, you may
be assured that he will be perfectly com-
fortable, that he will have kind care, and—"

Mrs. Nichols put up her hands with a
deprecatory gesture.

"Don't, don't, Mary! Your words stab
me. It would kill me to give up my boy!
To think of going all through the day hun-
gering after a sight of his dear little face,
after the sound of his merry voice. And to
think of him sitting all alone among those
strange children, with his heart heavy and
sick for his mother—his mother who
couldn't take him in her arms any more,
and sing him to sleep—his mother who
couldn't steal up softly every night to his
little crib, and watch him smiling in his
dreams, and thank God that her poor father-
less boy was happy after all. No, no, Mary.
Anything but that. I'll work early and late
with hands so little used to it. I'll live on a
crust—there's nothing in the world so hum-
ble or mean that I won't do—only don't take
away my children from me."

Mrs. Nichols's friend had no heart to urge
the matter further, so she only added with
the tears a-strain in her throat.

"You know, Ellen, I would never have
suggested this, only I could not see what
was to become of you and the children."

"I know it, Mary. That thought haunts
me by night, and by day. And sometimes it
seems as though it must drive me mad. Oh,
if Edward were only alive—poor Edward,
he feared what was coming in his dying
hours. I wonder how that old man can
sleep in his grave, Mary."

"What man?" for Mrs. Nichols's eyes
had a sudden wildness in them that was al-
most fierce, and her voice had come out of
its usual tone into a kind of frenzied stammer.
"That man—whom else should I mean—
but Gerald Douglas, that man who so
wronged the dead, and the living. If he
had not been for the imposition he pre-
tended, the advantage he took of Edward, my
fatherless children would not now be

thrown, with their hapless mother, on the
world. It seems to me that our ancestors
cry up to God against that man, and try
down into his grave a curse. Poor woman!
in her anguish she did not know what she
was saying."

At that moment there was a knock at the
door, and a domestic entered with a letter
for Mrs. Nichols.

The bold hand was a stranger's. And the
lady opened it with a vague hope and fear.
She ran over the contents, and then held it
toward her friend, her face shining with a
great light behind its tears for joy.

"Is it true—is it true, Mary?"

The letter was brief and business like,
from one of the executors of Gerald Dou-
glas's will, stating that his niece had resigned
her share in the lands which the deceased
had bequeathed her, in favor of Mrs. Ni-
chols, whom she had never seen, but whom
she believed had the best right to them;
and the lady was at liberty to take imme-
diate possession of the property. Which, if
sold, would probably bring her about five
thousand dollars.

"Yes, it is true, Ellen!"

"And I can keep my children," sobbed
the happy mother. "We'll go away off
into the country, and rent a little nest of
a cottage; and the interest will support
us. You've no idea how economical I'll
be there, Mary, and do all my own work;
and, oh, what a happy home I shall
have. What a happy mother I shall be.
And for this girl, to whom we shall owe
everything—I will beseech God day and night
for her sake, and teach my children to name
her in every prayer. And the widow and
the orphan shall bring down blessings on
her head."

Not long afterward Marion Lynch heard
this story with tears of grateful joy that God
had given her grace to do so good a deed in
this world. Six months after the conver-
sation with which our story commences the
cousins sat alone together in the parlor.

Laura Jennings had been giving her cousin
a most brilliant description of the charm-
ing time she had had at Newport and Sara-
toga, and concluded her lively recital with
an interrogation.

"Don't you wish you had been with me,
Marion?"

"I should have enjoyed it intensely, no
doubt."

"And don't you regret now, my dear,
that refined conscientiousness that made
you resign the property Uncle Gerald left
you?"

The faces of the pale young mother and the
sweet children rose and stood as in a vision
before Marion Lynch. "Oh, no, not for a
moment, Laura," she answered, her face
thrilling into new light with some feeling
behind it.

"And you would do the same thing over
again if you were to go back to that time?"
persisted the astonished, half incredulous
cousin.

"I would do the very same thing right
over again."

"Well, Marion, I must say you are a
mystery to me."

And Marion's reward was one that her
cousin knew not of.

THE CHEAPEST CAPITAL IN EUROPE;

Or, How to Live Cheaply in Vienna.

In the summer of the year 1890, I was
staying for a short time at Dresden, partly
in order to revisit its magnificent picture-
gallery, but principally with a view of
making a walking tour through the so-called
Saxon Switzerland, upon the arrival of two
of my friends. One exceedingly hot after-
noon, after spending some time upon the
Brehler Terrace, smoking cigars, gazing
dreamily at the beautiful prospect, and si-
lently comparing the clear blue water of the
Elbe with that of the Thames at London
Bridge, I suddenly discovered that the heat
and dust had made me extremely thirsty, so
I wandered slowly off to a cafe at no great
distance, to refresh myself with a glass of
the celebrated Waldschlosschen beer, so
called from the place at which it is brewed, in
the immediate neighborhood of Dresden.

When I entered the cafe I found half-a-
dozen stout red-faced personages seated at one
of the tables, discussing beer, and as usual
at that time, the Italian question; for the
war in Italy between the French and Aus-
trians being at its height, it was, wherever
one went, the invariable theme of conver-
sation. I sat down near these gentlemen, and
took part in the conversation, which pre-
sently turned from Italian affairs to Austria
in general, and afterwards to Vienna in
particular, about which city there seemed to
be but one opinion, for all the stout person-
ages declared with one accord that it was,
without exception, the dearest place upon
the face of the earth. At hearing this, a
short, plump, good-natured looking indi-
vidual who had entered the cafe a few mi-
nutes before, and was sitting at a table at no
great distance from us, suddenly looked out
of his beer glass, and exclaimed: "I really
beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I think
that there are just now very few places in
which one can live so cheaply as in Vienna,
if one only knows how to manage. I spent
about a month there very lately, and I assure
you that, although I lived very well, my whole
expenses did not amount to more than

twenty dollars (three pounds). Vienna is
the cheapest capital in Europe."

"Impossible!" said several of us at once.
"Well, then," said he, as he took up his
half empty glass and moved to our table, "I
must try to convince you that it is possible,
by telling you how I managed it myself, and
how any of you may easily do so too, if you
think fit to make the attempt. In case you
should do so, I should recommend you to take
as little luggage as possible with you: one
suit of clothes, which, however, ought to be
a very strong one, will be quite sufficient;
but you should be provided with several
hats, or, still better, caps, as these particular
articles of dress are very liable to get lost or
spoiled in Vienna. I arrived at that city
about dusk one evening at the beginning of
last month, and went straight from the rail-
way station to the White Horse Hotel, which
had been recommended to me, and where I
got a very good bedroom and sitting room
upon the second floor."

"My dear sir," interrupted one of the
party, "excuse me, but I know the hotel of
which you speak very well, and I am per-
fectly certain that your lodgings alone in
that hotel would cost you more than twenty
dollars a month."

"Really, sir," answered the narrator, "I
shall be a very long while before I get to the
end of my story if I am thus interrupted.
If you will only be patient, and listen quietly
to me for a few minutes, I will show you
that lodgings are not nearly so expensive
as you suppose, if one really wishes to live
cheaply. As I was saying, I went to the
White Horse, which I found to be, as this
gentleman says, a very excellent hotel. As
I was rather tired, for I had been travelling
all day, I did not go out that evening, but
after partaking of a capital supper, and
smoking a cigar, I went early to bed, and
slept very soundly; so soundly, indeed, that
it was nearly ten o'clock in the morning be-
fore I descended to the *salle-a-manger*, where
I was soon occupied with a breakfast in no
way inferior to the supper which I had dis-
cussed with so much satisfaction on the
previous evening. After breakfast I lighted
a cigar, and strolled lazily about the streets,
now and then refreshing myself with a glass
of beer, which, by-the-by, is not nearly so
good as our Waldschlosschen beer, as I can
assure you, gentlemen. Kellner, bringen
Sie mir noch ein Glas Bier."

He remained silent until the beer was
brought, when he took a long draught, and
then continued:

"I got rid of the time in this way until
about five o'clock, when I directed my steps
towards the hotel where I had determined to
dine, as I had heard so much of the excel-
lence of its *table-d'hôte* and the purity of its
wines. The dinner itself far surpassed my
expectation; it was indeed a sumptuous
meal, lasting more than two hours, and in-
cluding all the delicacies of the season. After
dinner, most of the guests left the
room; only six or seven remained, who ap-
peared to have indulged so freely in the
pleasures of the table, that they were not in-
clined for locomotion, and therefore ordered
coffee to be served for them at one of the
smaller tables. I noticed this, and imme-
diately determined upon my plan of opera-
tions. I quietly laid down the bill, which
had just been presented to me by a waiter,
by the side of my plate, and ordered coffee
for myself also, telling the waiter to serve it
at the same table at which the other gentle-
men were sitting. As soon as my coffee was
served, I joined the other coffee-drinkers at
their table, and found, as I expected, that
their conversation was upon the subject of
the war in Italy. My companions were all
Austrians, and they very naturally pro-
nounced the Emperor of the French to be a
monster of iniquity, the very incarnation of
injustice. I, for my part, took the opposite
view of the question, and defended the
French policy, at which they got gradually
very angry; but their indignation knew no
bounds when, after eulogizing the French
Emperor for nearly five minutes, I wound
up by asserting that Louis Napoleon was
noble, more talented, and endowed with a
higher sense of justice than any potentate
in the world. They were beside themselves
with fury; they started up, seized me by the
collar, dragged me to the door, and finally
threw me right out into the street; whilst I,
of course, as soon as I could collect myself,
lost no time in making my escape from such
a dangerous locality. Who paid my bill, I
really cannot tell; I am sorry to say that I
did not; but you know, gentlemen, that self-
preservation is the first object; and you
see that I should only have exposed myself
to further ill-treatment, had I ventured into
the house again."

"I supposed at another hotel in the same
luxurious and expensive manner, and in
this way found that Vienna is by no means
so dear a place as is generally thought. My
dinner and supper never cost me anything,
as the conversation, in which I took care
to take a prominent part, was invariably upon
the subject of the Italian war, and I always
adopted the French side of the question,
concluding my remarks with the assertion,
that Louis Napoleon was nobler, more
talented, and endowed with a higher sense
of justice than any potentate in the world;
upon which I was always seized and kicked
into the street, without having any time
allowed me to pay for what I had consumed.
Look, gentlemen, at this beautifully
carved meerschaum cigar-holder—do you
know that the value of this is fifteen florins,

and that I did not pay one half penny for it?
Yes, this is really true. My attention was
attracted one day as I was loitering in the
street by a shop-window, in which a great
number of meerschaum pipes and cigar-
holders of exquisite workmanship were ex-
posed for sale. After examining them for a
short time through the window, I looked
through the door into the shop, and saw, to my
great disgust, that a young lady was seated
behind the counter, in readiness to serve any
purchaser who might chance to enter. This,
of course, would not have suited my pur-
pose, so I reluctantly passed on; but it im-
mediately occurred to me that I had seen no
other shop in a different part of the town,
where equally beautiful pipes and cigar-
holders were to be had, and in which I had
remarked a man of gigantic stature and
stern aspect. I walked to the shop, and
looked through the window—yes, there he
was again, smoking a huge cigar, and read-
ing a newspaper, with an expression of face
which showed that he was not highly de-
lighted with the news contained therein. I
entered the shop, and requested him to show
me some meerschaum cigar-holder, upon
which he laid down his newspaper, and very
sulkily produced a number for my inspec-
tion, muttering something all the while, of
which I could only distinguish the words
"those cursed Frenchmen." I selected this
cigar-holder, stuck my cigar quietly into it,
and continued to smoke, taking up his news-
paper, as if by accident. I cast my eyes
upon it, pretended to start violently, and ex-
claimed:—"Ah, indeed! another Austrian
defeat! Dear me, how unlucky your gen-
erals seem to be."

"Unlucky? *Dennarunter!* yes," said he;
"that infamous Emperor of the French has
all the luck upon his side."

"I beg your pardon, my good man," I re-
plied; "infamous he certainly is not; and he
is a man of very unusual talent."

"The argument was now fairly engaged
in; it went through the usual phases; and,
as I expected, upon my final assertion, that
Louis Napoleon was nobler, more talented,
and endowed with a higher sense of justice
than any potentate in the world, he threw
down his cigar, jumped over the counter,
seized me by the throat, and after shaking
me as a terrier does a rat, pushed me out
into the street, when I, as usual, got out of
the way as quickly as possible, leaving him
no time to cool down, and then perhaps re-
member that I had omitted to pay for my
cigar-holder."

"I went on in this way for more than a
fortnight, dining, supping, and occasionally
making small purchases at the expense of
I really do not know whom, till at last, one
evening after supper, just as I had concluded
on the usual subject in the usual manner,
and had been, as usual, forcibly ejected, two
men, whom I remembered having seen in
the hotel, seized me by the collar, informed
me that they were officers of the royal and
imperial police force, and took me off to the
station-house. There I passed a very un-
comfortable night, upon a wooden bed, in
company with three pickpockets, and two
men who had been arrested for being drunk
and disorderly. The next morning, I was
taken before a magistrate, who, after cross-
examining me for nearly an hour, ordered
me off to prison, where I was kept in du-
rance vile for about ten days, and then for-
warded, escorted by two gens d'armes, across
the frontier; in a third class carriage, cer-
tainly, but still at the expense of the Aus-
trian government, who, I suppose, paid my
bill at the White Horse, for I had no oppor-
tunity of doing so myself. As soon as I was
out of the hands of the gens d'armes, I made
the best of my way home, and arrived here
only about twenty dollars poorer than when
I left, a month before."

"You are now, I hope, gentlemen, con-
vinced that Vienna is by no means the ru-
sously expensive place which it is generally
supposed to be; and you will also see why
I recommended you to take no luggage with
you, and to provide yourselves with several
hats or caps, as these are very liable to be
damaged or lost, if you are in the habit of
being kicked out of people's houses."

We all laughed heartily at our short
friend's method of living cheaply; and I, for
my own part, returned to my hotel with the
pleasant consciousness of having learned
something that afternoon, and fully con-
vinced, by the short gentleman's arguments,
that Vienna is, when scientifically handled,
by no means a dear place, but, to use his
own words, "the cheapest capital in Eu-
rope."

The following curious question and
answer, throwing a strong light upon the
social habits of the subjects of the Pharaohs,
has been translated from some lately dis-
covered hieroglyphics. The question is—
Why is an Egyptian's son remarkable for
his filial affection?

To which is appended the answer—
Because after the decease of his Pappi,
he takes such care of his Mummy.—*Frank*

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE—
Old lady: "But, going in four wheel cab!
I'm so afraid of small pox." Cabby:
"You've no call to be afraid of my cab,
mum, for I've 'ed the hind wheel vacce-
tated, and it took beautiful!"

Gunpowder reduced to dust and ap-
plied to gunshot wounds, is the most per-
fected agent known for staunching the flow
of blood.

I

II.

III.

IV.

Y.

VI.

II.

III.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

KEEPING WATCH

her every look, to listen to every intonation of her voice, to keep a rigorous guard over his own honor and dignity.

Poor Eleanor was too innocent to read all

Mr. Monckton left the room after launching this dart at the breast which he believed was guilty of hiding from him a secret reward for another.

"Who can count upon an old man's caresses," thought the maiden sisters, "perhaps because our uncle has seen very little

The maiden sisters started simultaneously, agitated by the same emotion, and their eyes met.

consecrated grave, and that his blood is
on this man's head? Help me, Richard
come to me; help me to find proof positive

changes, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

and female, should have a copy. Sent free to any address. Address Box 2720, Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa.
fly 4-134

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTES.

The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, the ancestor of all the Stoddards—and a troop they are worthy sons of a worthy one—had a black boy in his employ, who was, like the most of black boys, full of fun and mischief, and up to a joke, no matter at whose expense. He went with the parson's horse every morning to drive the cows to pasture. It was on a piece of timberland some little distance from the village; and here, out of sight, the neighbors' boys were wont to meet him and "race horses" every Sunday morning. Parson Stoddard heard of it, and resolved to catch them in it and put an end to the sport. Next Sunday morning he told Bill he would ride the mare to pasture with the cows, and he (Bill) might stay at home. Bill knew what was in the wind, and taking a short cut across the field, he went up into the pasture ahead of the parson. The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's mare. He told the boys to be ready, and as soon as the old gentleman arrived to give the word, "Go!" Bill hid himself at the other end of the field, where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along up, and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old mare rode into the field they cried, "Go!" and away went the mare with the parson riding sticking fast, like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or to him. Away, head of all the rest, he went like the wind; and at the end of the field Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sang out, "I know you'd beat, mama! I know you'd beat!"

Little Freddy H—, a four-year-old, son of Chaplain H—, of the 4th Regiment, New York Volunteers, "perpetrated" a good thing while at camp at Suffolk a short time since. A smart-looking lieutenant, with dashing air and perfumed breath, came into a tent where Freddy was. The little soldier scanned him very closely, and when a convenient opportunity offered itself, he said to the lieutenant, "You are a doctor; I know you are a doctor." "No, my little man," replied the officer, "you are mistaken this time; I am not a doctor." "Yes, you are a doctor, too," replied Freddy. "I know you are a doctor, for I can smell the medicine."

Mrs. W—, an old lady residing in the town of O—, was, just after one of the battles in the Southwest, listening to an account of General Grant's operations, in which, among other things, it was stated that he had caused several miles of new road to be constructed, and had covered it here and there with corduroy. "Why, bless me!" she exclaimed, "what a waste! Did a body ever hear the like? There's our boys, poor creatures! some of 'em 'most naked, and the punky officers using up on them scotch whiskeys! I tell you, that was sent to make breaches! I tell you," she concluded, with an indignant flourish worthy of the best days of Mrs. Partridge, "we haven't got the right kind of generals!"

The honest matron was not aware that the "corduroy" referred to was not exactly the stuff for the boys' "breaches," but that stout timber construction employed to cover otherwise impassable highways.—Harper's Magazine.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S STORIES.

The Norwalk (Conn.) Gazette says that on a late occasion when the White House was open to the public, a farmer from one of the border counties of Virginia told the President that the Union soldiers, in passing his farm, had helped themselves not only to hay, but his horses, and he hoped the President would urge the proper officer to consider his claim immediately. "Why, my dear sir," replied Mr. Lincoln, blandly, "I couldn't think of such a thing. If I consider individual cases, I should find work enough for twenty Presidents!" Bowls urged his needs persistently. Mr. Lincoln declined good naturedly. "But," said the persevering sufferer, "couldn't you give me a line to Colonel — about it? Just one line?" "He, he, he!" responded the amiable Old Abe, shaking himself merrily, and crossing his legs the other way, "that reminds me of old Jock Chase, out in Illinois."

At this the crowd huddled forward to listen.

"You've seen Jock—I know him like a brother—used to be a lumberman on the Illinois, and he was steady and sober, and the best refresher on the river. It was quite a sight, twenty-five years ago, to take the legs over the rapids, but he was skillful with the raft and always kept straight in the channel. Finally a steamboat was put on, and Jock—he's dead now, poor fellow—was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day, when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and Jock's utmost vigilance was being taxed to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his boat full and he called him out—'Skip! Skip! Captain! I wish you'd just stop your boat a minute—I've lost my apple overboard!'"

The Wonders of Quack Medicine.

"Which it's wonderful air," exclaimed Mrs. C., one morning. "What then pills and balmment has done for the benefit of burning night. I'm sure, there was my Selvey Jane's cousin, which he were not exactly a journeyman bricklayer, sir, but more what you term a jollying bricklayer, as jobs about off and on at piecework, he fell off from a scaffold in the Boro' Road, and lay very dangerous at St. Thomas' Orphan, and nothing in the world would have prevented a camera obscura from a settin' in (as he told me with his own lips, and he would make his affidavit of it any day of the week, 'cepting of the Sabbath, which he were religious, although a bricklayer), but that there blessed balmment—or he might have gone about on wooden legs to his dying day. And as for the pills, sir, there's an aunt of mine down in Lincolnshire, who hadn't so much as an ounce of liver left, and used to go off in fits in a harm-chair, and fancy that Hans Bahb was a tickling of the sole of her feet, to induce her to marry him, which bigness it would have been, sir, in the eyes of justice, being her 'usband's lawful wife, let lone the disgrace of going to church with such a wagsbone; and after a box of them pills which, as the advertisement says is for scrofuly pains in the back, dislike to society, chilblains, and involuntary blushing is a certain remedy; she righted herself quite convalescent, as you may say, sir, and sent a testimonium to the professor that I see printed with mine own eyes in the Weekly Register, which is a most respectable journal, sir, and took in by most of the nobility and gentry, on account of its moral tone. And what I say is, sir, and I'm sure if I inquire on your time—which precious it is I know, to most literary gentlemen—I beg you to excuse, and not to mention of it—what I say that it's a sin and a shame to make knights and baronages of indolent noddies now a days for what you may call nothink, and keep professor Gulloway out of the peerage, which in the peerage he ought to be for all the good he's done in the middle line or my name's not Betsey Croker."—*Apartment to Let, in the London Society Magazine.*

TAKE TWO OF THEM.—A bashful youth who lives not a thousand miles from this city was paying marked attention to a beautiful young lady, who rejoiced in the possession of an interesting niece, about six years old. The other evening he was enjoying a social chat with the young lady, vainly trying to nerve himself to ask the terrible question, when the little niece entered the room. A new thought struck him. Taking her on his knees, he asked, in a quivering voice—"Fanny, dear, are you willing I should have your aunt for my own? I will give you five hundred dollars for her."

"Oh, yes!" said the little thing, clapping her hands in glee. "But hadn't you better give me a thousand dollars, and take two of them?"

OBSCURE SOURCES OF DISEASE.

BY DR. JAMES R. NICHOLS.

An article under the above heading appears in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. Its author is one of our best practical chemists, and high authority on such a subject. So important and weighty are the facts and suggestions of the article that we think it the kindest deed we can perform for our readers to make the following extract:

There are many instances of disease brought to the notice of physicians which are exceedingly perplexing in their character, and the sources of which are very imperfectly understood. I am led to believe that a considerable number arise from some disturbance in the sanitary conditions of dwellings or their surroundings, and that however improbable this may seem from a superficial or even careful examination of suspected premises, a still more thorough and extended search will often result in the discovery of some agent or agents capable of producing disease.

The chemical and physical condition of water used for culinary purposes has much to do with health, and is perhaps the oft-neglected overlooked by the physician in searching for the cause of sickness. We must not suppose that water is only hurtful when impregnated with the salts of lead or other metals; there are different sources of contamination, which produce the most serious disturbance upon the system. Some of these are very obscure and difficult of detection. The senses of taste and smell are not to be relied upon in examinations, as it often happens that water entirely unfit for use is devoid of all physical appearances calculated to awaken suspicion. It is clear, inodorous, palatable, and there is no apparent source from whence impurity may arise.

During the past summer, the writer was consulted by a gentleman residing in Roxbury, respecting the water used in his family. It was taken into the dwelling through tin pipe from a well in the immediate vicinity, and appeared to be perfectly pure and healthful. Analysis disclosed no salts of lead or copper, as indeed none could be expected from the unusual precautions taken to prevent contact of the water with these metals. Abundant evidence was, however, afforded that, through some avenue, organic matters in unusual quantities were finding



FLY FISHING.

OLD JONES.—"Now then! I think I shall get a rise here!"

access to the water. Careful examination of the premises disclosed the fact that an outhouse on the grounds of a neighbor was so situated as to act as a receptacle for house drainings, and from thence by subterranean passages the liquids flowed into the well. Some cases of illness, of long standing in the family, disappeared upon abandoning the use of the water.

A few months since a specimen of water was brought to me for chemical examination, by a gentleman of Charlestown, who stated that his wife was afflicted with protracted illness of a somewhat unusual character. It was found to be largely impregnated with potash and the salts resulting from the decomposition of animal and vegetable debris, and the opinion expressed that some connection existed between the well and the waste fluids of the dwelling. This seemed improbable, as all these were securely carried away in a brick cemented drain, and in a direction opposite the water supply. The use of the spade, however, revealed a break in the drain at a point favorable for an inflowing into the well, and hence the source of the contamination. Rapid convalescence followed on the part of the sick wife upon obtaining water from another source.

Analysis was recently made of water from a well in Middlesex county, which disclosed conditions quite similar to these. The owner was certain that no impurity could arise from sources suggested, but rigid and persistent investigation disclosed the fact, that the servant girl had long been in the habit of emptying the "slops" into a cavity by the kitchen door (formed by the displacement of several bricks in the pavement), where they were readily absorbed. Although the well was quite remote, the intervening space was filled with coarse sand and rubble stones, and hence the unclean liquids found an easy passage to the water. This proved to be the cause of illness in the family.

In cities and large towns, where excrementitious matters accumulate rapidly around dwellings compacted together, it is difficult to locate wells remote from danger, and hence it might seem that suspicion should be confined to these localities. This, however, is not a safe conclusion. How often do we see, upon isolated farms in the country, the well located within, or upon the margin of the barnyard, near huge manure heaps, reeking with ammoniacal and other gases, the prolific sources of soluble salts, which find access to the water, and render it unfit as a beverage for man and beast. It may no doubt be a convenience to the farmer to have his water-supply so situated as to meet the wants of the occupants of his barn and dwelling, but it is full of danger.

Whilst admitting that such may be the condition of the water of many wells, doubts may arise with some, whether substances not decidedly poisonous, and received in such quantities, can after all be productive of much harm, or the real source of illness. To the great majority of people they are certainly harmless, but it must be admitted that there is a class, and one or more are found in almost every family, whose peculiar sensitive organization does not admit of the presence of any extraneous agent in food or drink, or in what they inhale. The functions of life and health are disturbed by the slightest deviation from the usual or normal condition of things around them.

It seems incredible that the thousandth part of a grain of one of the salts of lead, dissolved in water and taken daily, will disturb the system of any one; and yet such is the case. We can see no reason why a very little nitrate of potassa, or soda, or lime, taken in the same way, should produce any effects; still stranger is it that the infinitesimal amount of dust dislodged from painted

wall-papers, received into the lungs, should make trouble upon health.

Several instances of this latter result have recently come to my knowledge. In two families of the highest respectability in this city, illness of an unusual and protracted character existed, and at the suggestion of the physician, of the green wall-paper of the dwelling were submitted to me for analysis. The pigments were found to consist mainly of arsenate of copper, and upon the removal of the papers the illness disappeared. In experimenting with apparently the most suitable apparatus, and employing delicate chemical tests, in rooms the walls of which were covered with these arsenical papers, no evidence of the presence of the poison in the atmosphere has been afforded; and this corresponds with the results of all similar experiments made in this country and in Europe, so far as my knowledge extends. We must conclude that agents not recognizable by chemical tests are capable of disturbing vital processes. The evidence is very clear that in instances of illness confined to one or two members of a household, the cause may be due to some accidental disturbance with which all are equally brought into contact, but which has not the power of injuriously influencing but a part. It is also clear that these sources of disease are of such a character as easily to escape detection, and therefore any facts or experience which may serve as guides to their discovery are worthy of record.

STREET MUSICIAN.—Reader, you have doubtless been stopped many times, even when your head was full of other things, by the strains of the street musician. Sometimes the magic sounds have taken your thoughts far away to other scenes, perhaps brought out from hidden memories the dear faces of the distant ones your heart yearns to see again. The little girl with foreign look, who usually attends these itinerants, and who has learned in her life of vicissitudes to judge well of faces, comes with her tambourine to seek a small reward, and you, with new and lighter thoughts, go, as it were, refreshed, back into the turbid current of daily life. Thus even these wanderers, who mechanically are merely turning a crank, unconscious of the sounds so often produced, are like magicians that ignorantly touch the hidden keys of the passions and affections, whose wondrous chords and harmonies vibrate through past and present, and even throw a mystic influence over the future, as the strings of the Æolian harp may still murmur long after the winds have passed away.

Agricultural.

SCIENCE AND EXPERIENCE IN FARMING.

The celebrated Dr. Rham, vicar, of Winkfield, at the close of a long life devoted to agricultural pursuits, remarked in a letter to a friend that "Whatever great chemists may say about the component parts of soils, I am persuaded they can never decide as to the aptitude of any soil to produce a crop until experience has shown it."

Dr. Rham was, himself, thoroughly versed in the sciences, and he was also a skillful, practical farmer, and from his testimony a most useful, practical lesson is afforded us. The sciences in their application to the culture of the soil, are useful, always as helps to the farmer, but they can no more be substituted, with success, for that knowledge which is obtained by observation and experiment, than the labor of the farm can be conducted without hands.

During the last fifty years, the doctrine of science has established many beautiful theories in agriculture, which experience has again and again exploded, and although we have great regard and reverence for that wisdom, which strives to elicit truth by interrogating nature, as to the mysterious processes by which she works, we would never accept any mere theories upon any man's authority.

Science can suggest and direct the farmer in the right way, oftentimes. But the professor in his laboratory, can never know as does the actual worker upon the farm, all the varied circumstances which interfere with his abstract reasonings upon cause and effect, and until he renounces his dogmatism, and considers that the farmer can teach him, as much as he can teach the farmer, we fear that the prejudice which exists between these two classes of minds will continue.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

CAUSE AND CURE OF LICE ON CATTLE.—Some of the washes and applications recommended for the destruction of lice on cattle are dangerous or positively injurious to the health of the animal. Whatever may be thought of the cause of lice so confidently asserted in the annexed extract of a communication in the Boston Cultivator, there need be no fear of the bad results of the application of the remedy proposed:—
No one ever saw an animal in good condition lousy, and no one ever saw a poor one, that was so for any length of time, that was not. This I consider proof enough; but if any one doubts, let him try the remedy of good feed, and he will soon see how much superior it is to all the washes so highly recommended. The decay of the skin, consequent on the change from fat to lean, produces lice, and the way to cure a disease is to remove the cause.

BUCKWHEAT AS AN EXTERMINATOR OF WEEDS.—Buckwheat, when sown on rich ground, will kill grass effectually. It must be sown as soon as the grass is ploughed. In such case, a few crops will even exterminate thick grass. Buckwheat seems to be poison to other plants; and it is even known to destroy insects. It does this probably by destroying the roots of the grasses and herbs on which they feed. No insect touches buckwheat in the ground.

Useful Receipts.

RECIPES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
From a new book; "What to Eat and How to Cook It."

DESSERT A LA NORM.—Break 5 eggs; separate the yolks from the whites; beat the whites till they are turned into a thick foam; then sprinkle in 3 ounces fine white sugar, a teaspoonful essence vanilla, stirring the while to mix well. Then put in a milk boiler 1 pint milk and 1 oz. white sugar; as soon as it boils, take a tablespoonful of your beaten eggs and let drop gently into the pan; do the same for the whole as rapidly as possible; take them out with a skimmer as soon as you see them hard, and place in a dish; then take the milk from the fire; beat the yolks in a vessel with a little of the milk from the stewpan; put that mixture in a stewpan, and this back on the fire; stir with a wooden spoon till it is becoming thick; take off, and slide the whites upon the surface to serve.

P. S. (Always use a wooden spoon for cooking with.)

OMELETS.—Break in a bowl as many eggs as there are persons to serve; beat them with a little milk, or at least a little water if you have no milk; add also salt and pepper. Have a piece of butter the size of a walnut put into the pan; when it is hot pour in the eggs. When one side is done slide it gently from the pan into the dish, and when half of it is in the dish, turn the pan upside down so as to fold the omelet; it is more tender and tasty. Do not turn it over in the pan so as to fry both sides. You may mix a little chopped parsley in the egg before baking.

PASTE.—Take 1 lb. butter, put it in a pail of very cold water for 1 hour, and take it out (if on ice 'tis just as well); make a paste with it, and 1 lb. flour, also 2 eggs, 4 pint cold water and 1 oz. salt; knead the whole properly with the fingers; then dredge the board with flour; take a rolling pin and roll it thin; fold it over once again and roll again thin; repeat the same process 5 times in summer and six in winter, and leave it three half an hour in summer and an hour in winter before using it.

TO KEEP FISH 48 HOURS IN WARM WEATHER.—Clean it well, lay it in a china vessel, covering it with cold water that has been salted and peppered; a little thyme adds.

A NEW FISH.—The imperial court of Montpellier has recently been called on to hear an appeal, in which the point in dispute was the verities whether the frog is a fish. The judgment was affirmative, and those persons who have hitherto thought that they might catch frogs at all seasons, in private or public waters, will now see that they have been mistaken.

Milk men have some of the milk of human kindred in them, but there is a nation in the East consisting entirely of Kurds

The Riddle.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 4, 6, 8, 21, is a color.

My 20, 22, 23, 1, 12, 25, was a great philosopher.

My 25, 14, 21, 23, 7, is a man's name.

My 7, 24, 10, 9, 15, 20, 2, is in great reputation a commander.

My 2, 15, 20, 22, 24, 6, is a woman's name.

My 20, 11, 25, 15, 14, 23, is a bird.

My 15, 14, 5, is a man's name.

My 27, 21, 9, 1, 2, is one of the seven seas.

My 10, 14, 15, 12, 27, is a kind of fish.

My 20, 6, 20, 19, 9, is some people's delight.

My 17, 13, 4, 25, 5, is a land frequently mentioned in Scripture.

My 22, 5, 14, 23, 22, 25, 9, is in great demand at present.

My whole is an old saying, and may be applicable to the present times.

Chatter Co., Pa. R. H. WALTER.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 17, 7, 10, 11, is necessary to produce.

My 18, 6, 7, 2, is necessary in music.

My 12, 9, 10, 4, is necessary in a clock.

My 14, 15, 6, 10, is necessary in a dry season.

My 1, 9, 15, 6, is necessary in fragility.

My 13, 16, 9, 5, is necessary in cooking.

My whole are important periods in a farmer's life.

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANSWER.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One of the Kings of Israel.

An island in the East Indies.

A river in New Jersey.

A species of poplar.

Roman Catholic worship.

What heathen countries require.

A dye.

A catenaceous fish.

The capital of a New England State.

A kind of dramatic composition.

A young quadruped.

A city in Tennessee.

The initials spell the name of a man occupying an important position at the present day, and the finale gives his popular title.

Talbot Co., Md. ANSWER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a familiar nickname.

My 2nd is to avoid.

My 3rd is an article.

My 4th is an occult grain.

My whole is the scholar's companion.

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANSWER.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a cork standing on a horizontal plane, whose form is that of a conical frustum, 40 inches in diameter at the top or smaller end, 50 inches in diameter at the bottom or larger end, 60 inches deep and full of water. Required—The angle of elevation to which the plane must be raised in order to empty the cask of exactly one-half of its contents, the bottom of the cask being fixed to the plane which it stands so as to prevent it from sliding or upsetting, and the water free to overflow at top, the top being entirely open?

ARTHEAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

ANSWER is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Divide a circle 10 rods diameter into 4 arcs by parallel lines such that they shall be to each other as 3, 4, 5, 6. Required—the length of the division lines. It is also required to divide a sphere 10 inches diameter by parallel planes whose solidities shall have the above ratio; required, the respective distances of the planes from its centre?

K. HAGERTY.

Baltimore.

ANSWER is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the burning of Hindoo temples like sweeping chimneys? Ans.—Because it is a better business.

What is the difference between a ball of ice and a running stream? Ans.—One is a ball of ice, and the other a flow of water.

What is Old Nick's favorite amusement? Ans.—A game of poker.

Why was Helen of Troy like many a dera snob? Ans.—Because she adored Paris.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST ENIGMA.—The graduating class. KIMBLE.

Wm. S. Roscorran. CHARADE.—Lionel, ville, Levi, vell.

Answer to PROBLEM by L. B. Chester, published June 12th. The numbers are 3 and 4. A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa.; Wm. T. Philadelphia. The numbers are 64 and 64. Koller, Burnsville, Ohio; O. H. Beckwith, Gray's Valley, Pennsylvania; E. Hagerty, W. H. Hildard, Ohio; E. H. Chester, Ohio; and Capt. L. B. Chester.

Answer to PROBLEM by Andrew, published June 12.—328,1999 cubic feet. E. Hagerty, W. Hildard; O. H. Beckwith, Pennsylvania; Andrew.